

I pray you be not Angrie.

to cate a bushell of Sale with a man, before he grow too farre
to trust him: for he was a worldling, and you out of the sim-
plicitie of your honestie, thinking him to be that he was not,
might learne by him to trust his like, or any at all, at least with
your House, your Daughter (if you haue any) or your Ser-
uantes, if you keepe any: and hauing Patience with your
lacke of Iudgement, do for your Daughter, as you haue cause
in nature and reason, and pray in charitie for his soule, what
euer become of his carkas: and since I hope you will take
this for no ill Counsaile, I say as I did, I pray you be not
Angrie.

FINIS.

STC 3685

+ A X
POSTE WITH
a Packet of madde
Letters.

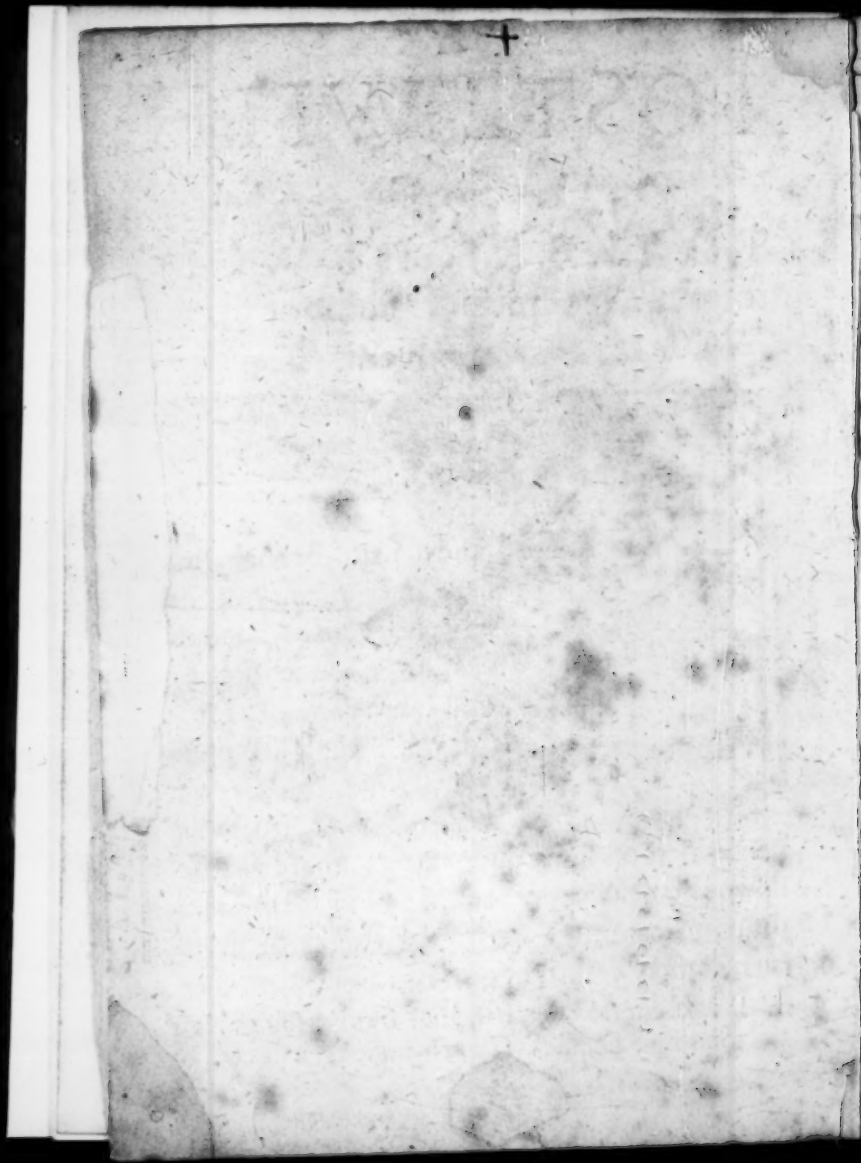
Newly Enlarged.



LONDON,
Printed for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his
Shop in S. Dunstons Church-yard in Fleetstreet.

1603.







TO THE RIGHT WOR-
shipfull Maximilian Dallison of Haw-
lin in the Countie of Kent, Esquire :

NICHOLAS BRETON wisheth the
*happinesse of this world, and heauen
hereafter,*



Find in Latin, French, Ita-
lian, and Spanish bookes
of Epistles, dedicated to
men of good account, as
well for their place as spi-
rit ; but withall , I must
confesse the Authors of
those writings , to haue
beene men of those iudgements , that haue set
downe matter worthy regard : Now for my self,
though I cannot stand in the Ranke of those
rare wittes, yet noting in your iudgement that
true Noblenesse of spirit, that by the regard of

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

your good fauour, may grace the workes of an vnworthy hope, and presuming (vpon my knowledge of your discretion) to receiue pardon of my presumption, hoping that you shall find nothing displeasing to an honest minde, some thinges profitable to a young witte, and wishing all woorthie the fauourable acceptation of your good patience, in all due thankfulnessse for your vnderferued goodnesse, I humbly take my leaue.

Yours in affectionate

seruice;

NICHOLAS BRETON.



To the Reader.

Entle if you be, be you so gentle Reader,
you shall understand, that I know not when,
there came a Post I know not whence, was
going I know not whither, and carried I
know not what: But in his way I knowe
not how, it was his happe with lacke of
heed, to let fall a Packet of Idle Papers; the superscription wher-
of, beeing onely to him that findes it, beying my fortune to light
on it, sceing no greater stile in the direction, fell to opening of
the enclosure: in which I found diuers Letters written, to whom,
or from whom, I could not learne. Now for the Contents of
the Circumstances, when you haue redde them, iudge of them:
and as you like them, regard them. And for my selfe, if I heare
you like well of them, when I meet next with the Poste, it may be
I will cast about with him for more of them: till then, fearing
to be too tedious in this Letter, least you like the worse of that
which followeth: I rest as I haue reason,

Your louing friend,

Nicho. Breton,

The Contents of this Booke.

- A** Letter of comfortable aduise to a friend, and his answere.
A Letter of aduise to a young Courtier, and his answere.
A mournfull Letter to a brother, and his answere.
A Letter of a lealous husband to his wife, and her cunning answere.
A Letter of kind Complements to a friend, and his answere.
A Letter of loue to a Gentlewoman, and her answere.
A Letter of scorne to a coy Dame, and her answere.
A Letter to a fowle Dowde, and her answere.
A Letter for the preferring of a seruant, and the answere.
A Letter of counsell to a friend, and his answere.
A Letter of comfort to a sister in sorrow, and her answere.
A Letter of counsell from a kind Father.
A kind answere of a louing Sonne.
A Merchants Letter to his Factor, and his answere.
A Letter of challenge, and the answere.
A merry Letter, or newes of complaints.
The answere of the Laugh.
A Letter to a friend for newes, and his answere.
A dissuading from marriage, and the answere.
A kind Letter of a Creditor for mony.
The debtors answere.
A Letter of Newes, and the answere.
A Letter of perswading to marriage, and his answere.
A Letter of vnkindnesse vpon a deuall of a Courtisie, and his answere.
A Letter to an vnthankfull person, and his answere.
A Letter to laugh at, after the old fashion of Loue, to a Mayde: and her answere.
A Letter from a Father to his Sonne, and the answere.
A Letter to a friend familiar, and the answere.
A Letter to a familiar friend, and the answere.
A Loue Letter, and the answere.
To a familiar Friend, and the Answere.
A Letter of loue to a faire Mistresse, and her answere.
Roger to Margery his sweete hart, and her answere.
From a Yeoman in the Countrie to his Sonne in London, and the answere.
To a wife in the Country, and her answere.
A Letter vpon ordinary Causes, and the answere.
A Letter to a friend for dispatch of businesse, and the answere.



A Poste with a madde Packet of Letters.

A Letter of comfortable aduise to a Friend.



Honest Alexander, I heare thou art of late fallen into an extreme melācholy, by reason of the subdaine departure of Parinella out of this life: for thy sake I am soie thee hath left her passage on this earth, though being too good for this world, she be surely gone to a better; now, if thy mourning could recouer her from death, I could willingly beare part of thy passion: but when it doth her no good, and thy selfe much hurt, let not a wilfull humour leade thee into a wofull consumption. Thou knowest she is senselesse in the graue, and wilt thou therefore be witlesse in the world? Say thy loue is extreme, and let me beleene it, wilt thou therefore deprive nature of reason? God forbid it: well, thou knowest I loue thee, and in my loue let me aduise thee, not to goe from thy selfe, with an imagination of what was, to loose that which is: because she is in heauen, wilt thou be in hell? or if she be half an Angell, wilt thou be more then halfe a deuill? Oh spend thy spirit in a better humour: let not the remembrance of her perfection bryue thee into imperfections: nor make loue hateful to other, by seeing the unhappiness in thy selfe. Oh let not tansie thew follie in thee, howsoeuer vertue deserved honour in her: Leauē thy solitarie humour, and come and liue with me; we will deuise some good meanes for the remoue of this melancholy: In the meane time make not too much of it, least it proue to a madnesse: Loue thy selfe, & beleene
thy

thy friend, & what is in me to do thee good, commaund as thine owne: glad I would be to see thee, as he who doth entirely loue thee: & so desirous to heare from thee, to the Almighty I leaue thee. Farewell.

Thine as his owne,

D. F.

His Answer.

KIND Francke, I haue receiued thy friendly Letter, and note thy carefull loue: but pardon me, if I do not answer thee to thy liking: Alas how can he truly iudge of life, that neuer kindly was in loue: no: know how soundly to help a sorrow, that neuer inwardly felt it? Reading makes a scholler by rule, & obseruation I know doth much in the perfecting of Art: but experience is that which toucheth knowledge to the quicke. My mistresse beantie was the Doone shine, whose vertue gaue light to the harts eye: no: her wisdom, an ordinary wit, which put reason to his perfect understanding: and for her Graces, are they not writtē among the vertuous? Thou saidst well, she was too heavenly a creature to make her habitatio on this earth, & is it not then a kind of hel, to be without her in the world? Imaginatio is no dreames, where Substances are the objects of the senses, while the eye of memorie, is neuer weary of seeing. Oh honest Francke, thinke thou hast not liued, that hath not loued, no: canst liue in this world to haue such a loue to die in: It is a dull spirit that is fed with obliuion, & a dead sense, that hath no feeling of loue: thinke therefore what was, is with me; & my selfe as nothing, without the enioying of that something, which was to me as all in all. Is not the presence of an Angell, able to rauish the sight of a man? And is not the light of Beantie the life of loue? Leauethen to burthen me with imperfectiōs in my sorrow for her want, whose presence was my paradise, and whose absence, my worlds hell: thou doest misconstrue my good, in languishing for her lacke, & knowest not my hurt, in thinking of any other comfort: No Francke, let it suffice, though I loue thee, I canot forget

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forget her: and though I live with thee, yet will I die for her: haue patience then with my passion, till time better temper my affection, in which most deuoted to thee of any man liuing, till I see thee, which shall be as shortly as I well can, I rest.

Thine as thou knowest. D. E.

A Letter of aduise to a yong Courtier.

MY goode Cousen, I heare you are of late growne a great Courtier. I wish you much grace, & the continuing of your best comfort: but for that your peares haue not had time to see much, & your kindnesse may hap to be abused, let me increat you a litle now and then to looke to that which I tell you: Keepe your purse warily, & your credit charily, your reputation valiantly, and your honoy carefully: for your friends, as you find them, vse them: for your enemies, feare them not, but looke to them: for your loue, let it be secret in the bestowing, & discreet in the placing: for, if fawne be a waton, wit will be a foole: Scorne not Ladies, for they are worthy to be loued: but make not loue to many, least thou be beloued of none: if thou hast a fauour, be not proud of thy fortune, but thinke it discretion, to conceale a contentment: goe neat, but not gaie, lest it argue lightnesse, and take heed of lawlesse expence, lest it begger thy state: play little, & loose not much: vse exercise, but make no toyle of a pleasure: Read much, but dull not thy braine, and conferre but with the wise so shalt thou get vnderstanding. Pride is a kind of coineffe, which is a litle too womanish, & common familiaritie is too neare the Clowne for a Courtier: but carrie thy selfe euen, that thou maist fall on neither side: so will the wise commend thee, & the better sort affect thee: but let me not be tedious, lest it may perhaps offend thee: and therefore as I line, let it suffice I loue thee. And so wishing thee as much good, as thou canst wish to be wished, in prayer for thy health, and hope of thy happines, to my vndermost power, I rest, in affectionate good will.

Thine ouer assured: H. L.

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His Answer.

Sweete Cousen, I thinke you haue either some Court in the Countrie, or else you are much studied in the Courtier, & you can set downe such rules, as are no lesse woorthie the reading, the obseruing; beleue me, they shall be my best lectures studies, & in my daily courtes my counsellors, my solicitors in loue, and my Iudges in honor, my guides in greatest hopes, & my admonitions in greatest dangers: for your paines in them, I thanke you, and for your kindnesse, I loue you: your care of me, I see by them, and will not unkindly forget them. I must confesse, I find Courtiers close people, & Ladies strange creatures, and loue so sole an humor, that I am afraid to loose time in it: but the better by your aduise I hope to carrie a hand ouer it. For apparell, I will keepe my stint, and care for no fashions: & for exercise, nature is so giuen to ease, that good qualities are almost out of vse: & for vertue, poore Ladie, she is scarce able to liue with her pension: but for studie, I haue little time, so much companie with you: with me: and for a booke, next the Bible, your Letter shall be my Librarie. And thus smiling at such Gulls, as thinke no grace, but in a gay coat, nor wit, but in a stale test, noting many a begger like a king, & many a Lord like a poore gentleman, seeing the truch of Salomon, in his conclusion of all earthly comforts: that all vnder the Sunne is vanitie: meaning not to be a seruant to a base humor, nor to reach higher then I may hold fast: in thankfull kindnesse for thy carefull Letter, & faithfull affection to thy worthe selfe, wishing thee so neare me, that I might neuer be from thee, I rest

Thine what mine owne. N. B.

A mournfull Letter to a brother.

Good brother, the miserie of my home life, & crueltie of my Cruell fortune, & the unkindnes of my vnmatrall kin, haue made me so wearie of this world, that I lye for nothing but my latestt houre, and yet loth to despaire of Gods mercies, willing to take any good course for my comoditie, I haue of late bin per-

swaded

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swayed by some of experience in their traualles, into those parts, that my traualle into the lowe Countries would be much to my comoditie, as wel for my language as my skil in such traffique, as I would make vse of in those places: but my state being so down the wind, y^e I know not how to get by y^e weather, hauing no stock to laie out, to giue me hope to bring in, I will euen set by my rest vpon my resolution of fortune, & thrust my self into some place of seruice, where I will either win the horse, or loose y^e saddle: if I die, mercie is my comfort: if I liue, desert is my hope: but to the helping forth of this my forlorne spirit god brother put to your hand, assuring your self, that I will not liue to be vngrateful: for as my hart loueth you, my soule shall praise for you, and when I haue time to see you, I will not be from you. And thus agreed to charge you, neuer more meaning to trouble you: beseeching God to enable me to requite you, in the true loue of a naturall brother: I rest

Yours as mine owne. N. B.

His Answer.

DEare brother, as I grieve at your crosses, so would I that I could as wel procure your comforts. But my state much inferiour to my will, makes me vnable to satisfie your expectation: & yet will I hurt my selfe, rather then you should perish: for you shall receiue by this bearer, what I am able, and more, as I shall be better able. But touching your courses for the low Countries, I feare your traffique wil be but little gainfull, the wars so eate by the wealth of the countrie: and for your intent touching armes, I feare your forwardnesse is too great for your experience. Yet do I so farre allow of your good mind herein, as I should lesse grieve to heare of your honorable death abroad, then see your discontented life at home: & therefore for winning the horse, or loosing the saddle, leaue that to Gods blessing, who will bestow hono^r as it shall please his diuine prouidence: but good brother, haue patience with thy crosses, attend mercie for thy comforts, & haue a care of home, howsoeuer thou farest abroad: I know thy mind is great, but take heed of pride lest it be a barre

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to all thy fortune, and overthrowe of all thine honor: I see thou art wearie of the worlde, make then thy way toward heauen, that God, who hath tried thee with calamities, may blesse thee with eternall comforts. In hope whereof, willing in al I can to helpe thee, praying hartily for thee, with my unfained hearts loue vnto thee, to the Lord of heauen I leaue thee.

Thy louing brother, D. S.

A Letter of a Iealous husband to his wife.

VIfe, in as much kindnes as I can, I aduise you to leaue such courtes, as are neither to your credit, nor my contentment: you know, much companie, causeth many occasions of Iole speeches, and young men are not in these daies, giuen to speake the best of their kind friends: trifles and toies, were better refused, then accepted, and time idely spent, brings but beggerie, or a worse blot: of all the birds in the field, I loue not a Cuckoe in my house: truly I doe not dissemble with you, your light behauiour doth much dislike me, and how glad I would be to haue it reformed, you shall know when I see it: shall I make you fine, to please an other, and displease my selfe? shall I leaue you my house, to make an hospitalitie of ill fellowship? Fit me not so with the foole, how euer you feed your selfe with a soule humoz: shake off such acquaintance, as gaine you nothing but discredit, and make much of him that must as well winter you as sommer you: Look to your house, haue a care o-uer your children, set your seruants to worke, and haue an eye to the maine chance, leaue earling gossips, iole huswives, vaine-headed fellows, and needlesse charge, so will God blesse you, & the worlde will chine with you, your neighbours speake well of you, and I shall truly loue you. And thus, hoping that you will by this my secret admonition, haue a care of your good carriage, I rest in hope of your well doing.

Your louing husband, T. F.

Her

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Her cunning Answer.

Husband, with as much patience as I can, I haue read ouer your vnwise Letter, wherein Iealousie keepe such a stir, that loue both but laugh at such Idenesse: much chynny oxies away idle thoughts, and for soles it is good to be afraid of had I wist: I thoughtes beget it speeches, an old dogge bites sojer then a yong whelp: for beggery, let it fall vpon the stoichfull, I know how to worke for my liuing: and for blots, speake to scribblers, for I haue no skill in wryting. Now for the Bird, to answer you with the Beast: I thinke a Calfe in a Closet, is as ill as a Cuckoe in a Cage: If I were sullaine, you would sure suspect my humoz, & do you mislike my merrie behauiour: wel, your conceit may be deformed, in being so wrongfully informed, to haue me so suddainly reformed. My finenesse, is your countenance, & my conuersation, your credit: and therfore do you shake off your lowzie humozs, I will make choise of better chynny: your house wil stand fast, if it fall not, & your childe be quieter then their father, your seruants earne their wages, and the maine chaice, is nicked well enough: Wemen must talke when they meete, and men not be scozned, though not entertained: and he that keepeth a house, must seeke to defraie the charge. And so hoping that you will leaue your Ielozie, and thinke of some matter of moze worth, as carefull of my carriage, as you of your credit, meaning to do as well as I can without your teaching, and as well, as if you were at home. I rest.

Your too much loving wife. I. F.

A Letter of kind Complements to a Friend.

Where I loue much, I speake little, for affection hath smal pleasure in ceremonies: your kindnesse I haue found, my desert I dare not speake of, least it moze offend my selfe to chide on, then you to looke on: but since you haue made me happy in your acquaintance, let me not too longe lacke your

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company, for though I live among many good neighbours, yet do I much want the comfort of so good a friend, by whom I should not only gaine the use of Time, but find the profit of my desire: which is opening issue with your humors, cannot but so concur with your contentment, that if there be a paradise on the earth, I hope to find it in the faire passages of our loves, which grounded on vertue, & growing in kindnesse, cannot chuse but be blessedly fruitful. In brief, til I see you, I wil mourne; & if not the sooner, I shall languish: for my wishing & want cannot be satisfied with absence: hasten therefore your coming, & make your own welcome: for what I have or am, enter in the Rowle of your posselsion; where, in the freehold of my love, I assure the subsistence of my life. And so leaving complements, to tongue spirits, in the truth of an honest heart: I rest

*Tours, as you do and shall ever
know me. N. B.*

His Answer.

SINCE I have received your kind Letter, and I find you verie fine at your corner: you will speake, and say nothing: be eloquent in plainnesse: but you must not speake in the cloudes, to them that are acquainted with the Moone: & say what you wil, I must beleue of my selfe what I list: for indeed, I know mine owne unworthinesse, of your commendation, in which, I will rather heare with your affection, then be conceited with your opinion. Yet, not to be either disdainfull, or ungratefull, be not so farre deceiued in my disposition, that wherein my presence may pleasure you, I will answer you with mine absence, nor long delate your expectation: for excuse, is but cold kindnesse, & too much haile is not fit: therefore as soone as I conveniently can, I assure you, you shall see me, and in full measure with your affection find me, to the uttermost of my power, rather in actis then protestation, during life: in faire weather or tole

Tours as mine owne. W. R.

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A Letter of Loue to a Gentlewoman.

FAire Mistresse, to Court you with eloquence, were as ill as to greene you with grosse humors: let it therefore please you, rather to beleue what I write, then to note how I speak: for my heart being fixed in your eyes, hath vowed my seruice to your bewtie: in which, finding reasons admiration, can thinke but of nature in her perfection: in which, being raiſed aboue it selfe, craveth of your fauor to be instructed by your kindnes: I meane no further then in obedience to your commaundement: for if I be any thing my selfe, it shal be nothing more then yours: and lesse then nothing, if not yours in all. I could commend you aboue the Skies, compare you with the Sunne, or set you among the Stars, figure you with the Phoenix, and imagine you a Goddess: but I will leaue such weake praising fictions, & thinke you onely your selfe: whose vertuous beantie, & whose honorable discretion, in the care of a little kindnes, is able to commaund the loue of the wise, & the labors of the honest, with the best of their endeouours, in the happinesse of your imployment, to seeke the height of their fortune: thinke not therefore I flatter you in hope of fauour, but honour you in the desire of worthinesse: in which if you will vouchsafe to entertaine the seruice of my affection, what you shall find in my loue, I will leaue to your kindnesse to consider. In the care of which comfort, craving pardon to my presumption, I rest humbly and wholly

Yours deuoted to be commaunded. E. W.

Her Answer.

SIR, I haue heard schollers say, that it is Art to conteale Art, and that vnder a face of simplicitie, is hidden much subtiltie: of which, howe little Women need to bee afraide, I will leaue to wise men to consider. And though I cannot in fine nor fitte tearmes, aunswere the humour of your writing, yet after a plaine and homely fashion; I will entreat you to
accept

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accept of my writing: Perfection and corruption, cannot meet together in one subject, & therefore my imagined beautie, being but a shadow of deceit, beleene not your eyes, till they have a better speculation: & for the inward parts of commendations, I am perswaded, that wit is not worth any thing, that is drawne into admiration of nothing: only this, not unkindly to requite your good thoughts of little worth, leaving Actions to idle fantasies, let me intreat you not to mistake your figures, & to honor a better substance then my unworthie selfe. And yet, so farre to assure your desert of my contentment, that wherein I may conveniently counteruaile y^e care of your kindnesse, excuse my indiscretion, if I faile of my desire: in which, wishing you more happinesse, then to be commaunded by my unworthinesse, I rest as I may.

Your louing poore friend. M. W.

A Letter of scorne to a coy Dame.

Mistres Fubbes, if you were but a little fatre, I see you would be mightily proude, & had you but the wit of a Goose, you would surely out hisse the Gander: but, being with as bad qualities as can be wished, as rich as a newe shorne sheepe, I hope, fortune is not so mad, as to blesse you further then the begger: It is not your holy-day face put on, after the illfaoured fashion, can make your halfe Rose, but ougly in a true sight: & but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Tasso, you might be set by for the Signe of the Sea Crabbe. Now, for your parentage, to helpe out the hope of all the rest, when the Tinkers sonne, & the Coblers daughter, met vnder a hedge at the milking of a Bull, with in foure weekes after, what sel out you know. Now, not too plainly to late open the fowle members of a filthy car-kasse; but, as patiently as I can to keepe Decorum, in your description, let me tell you, that all this, & much more, being true in your disgraces, I cannot chuse but murraile, that you should not to death in imagination: to thinke, that a monster in nature, can haue any grace in reason; but, let it be as it is: I haue but

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but lost a little breath in talking to a deaffe eare. for I meane to take no moze trauell to the subject of so ill an object: & therfore meaning to make my farewell and beginning with you, both at one instant, leauing you to loath your self, as one, whom no creature can well be in loue withall: soie that I neuer saw you, and neuer moze intending to trouble you. In recompence of your course entertainment, I rest in all unkindnesse: this present & alwaies
Tours as much as may be. T. E.

Her Answer.

Mistress Swash, it is not your hussie rustie, can make me afraid of your bigge lookes: for I saw the plate of Ancient Pistol, where a traking coward was well cudgeled for his knavery: your railing is so neere the Rascall, that I am almost ashamed to bestow so good a name as the Rogue vppon you: but for modesties sake, I will a little forbeare you, & onely tell you, that a hanging looke, and a hollow hart, a running wit, & a corrupted conscience, make you so fit a mate for the diuel, that there is no Christian wil desire your company: now for your state, it is much by fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a deadly fall, when the paine of their heads is onely healed with a halter: & for your linage, when the Bearewards Ape, and the hangmans Honky met together on a hay mowe, what a whelp came of such a litter, let the world iudge, I say nothing: now for your stipe fert, & your lame hand, suting kindly wth your wy neck, who would not make of their eyes, that could endure the sight of such a picture? now, your wealth being but in a few words, which you haue almost all spent in idle humors, hoping that the Coytus will not quarell with the Crabbe, and that when you haue slept vpon your Ale, you will get a medicine for your madnesse, till the Woodcocke do tell you how the Dawcocke hath sought you, leauing further to thinke on you, more thē vtterly to hate you, glad that your entertainment was so much to your discontentment: In full measure with your malice, I rest

Tours as you see. A. W.

C

A Let-

A Packet of Letters.

A Letter to a fowle Dowdie.

Mistresse, I heare that you thinke your self faire: but you are much deceiued, for the Currters Dyle, is but a course kind of painting: & for wit, how farre you are from vnderstanding, the wise can tell you: now, for qualities, where you learned them I know not, but if you could leaue the, twere well: I wonder not a little, what madnesse hath possessed your braines, that you can make so much of your selfe: are your eyes your owne? or are they so sealed they cannot see? get you to your praiers, and leaue making of loue: for age and an euill fauour, had need to be helped with a good purse. I heare you studie Pusique: indeed, when an Owle sings, the Nightingale will hold her peace: but for shame learne not to dance, for a barrell can but tumble: but if you would vse a medicine for your teeth, you might be the better to speake with in a morning: what ailes you to buy a flane, except it be to hide your face? and till your hands be whole, you should weare but dogges leather for your gloues: In truth you abuse your selfe, that you keepe not your chamber, for none sees you but laughes at you, or at least loatheth to looke vpon you: be therefore content to do as I wish you, speake with none but by Atturney, leaue the Painter to better pictures, & rather grieue at nature for framing of you, then thinke of any thing that may help you: your goods bestow on me for my counsell, & make sure to Death for your comfort. And thus hoping that being wearie of your selfe, you will hasten to your graue, I end.

Yours as you see. H. I.

Her Answer.

Sir, you may thinke you selfe wise, but you do not shew it: for stralling words, are the worst testimonies of a good wit: for good qualities I thinke you know them not, nor can goe from the quill: but for madnesse, I thinke it sozeth best with your humour. For the helpe whereof, it were good that you were let blood in the braine: but for ill sight, who is so blind as bold Balarde, that

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that will not see his owne folly? my prayers I will not forget to God, to blesse me from such soule spirits on the earth: & for loue, more then Charitie, I hold you the furthest off in my thought: now knowing your pouertie, I wödder you wil speake of a purse, & for an ill faoured face, goe to Parish garden to your good brother: indeed your Croidon languine, is a most pure complexion: but for your Tabacco it is a good purge for your rewme: for my Fanne it keepe me sometime from the sight of such a vizard, as your good face: and for my hands I keepe my nailles on my fingers, though you cannot keepe your haire on your head: now for laughing at fooles, you are provided for a Corcombe, & for loathing an ill rostitenance, let the hangman draw your picture: be therefore contented to be thus answered, speake wisely, or hold your peace, & be not busse with your betters, least you know the nature of had I wist: so, hoping that you will be so wearie of the world, that you wil hang your selfe for a medicine, to heale your wits of a melancholy, I will bequeath you a halter vpon tree roff, at your pleasure: and so I rest

Your friend for such a matter. E. P.

A Letter for the preferring of a Seruant.

Sir, knowing your necessarie vse of a good seruaunt, and rememb'ring your late speech with me touching such a matter, I thought good to commend vnto you in that behalf the bearer hereof W.T. a man whole honest secrecie, & carefull diligence, vpon a reasonable trial, will soone make prooffe of his sufficiency: his parentage is not base, nor his disposition vile, but in al parts requisite in one of his place, such a one, as I am perswaded will fit your turne: if therfore at my request, you wil entertaine him, I doubt not, but you will thanke me for him: for I was glad to get him for you, & hope to heare he will much content you: and thus loth to trouble you with longer circumstances, leaning his seruise to your good regard, and my loue, to your like comendement, in affectionate good will, I rest

Yours ener assured. N. B.

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The Answer.

Sir, I haue receiued both your Letter, and the bearer, both which I will make much of for your sake: for in the one I will often see you, and in the other remember you: your commendation of him, argueth your knowledge, a sufficient warrant for his worth, which I will as kindly, as thankfully thinke on: his countenance I like well, and his speech better, & for the performance of my expectation, am the better perswaded of his discretion: when I see you, you shall know how I like him, in the meantime, he shall find that I will loue him: for all things necessarie for his present vse, I find him sufficiently furnished: but if I find his want, it shall be soone supplied. So thanking you for sending him, and wishing you had come with him, remaining your kindest debter till a good occasion of requitall, with my hartie commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your verie louing friend. R. T.

A Letter of counsell to a friend.

Most best approued, and worthiest beloued Philo, I heare by some of late come from Venice, that seeme to be somewhat inward in thy acquaintance: that thou art of late, fallen into an amorous humor, especially with a subject of too much unworthinesse: a newes, that (knowing thy spirit) I could hardly beleue, but vpon solemne affirmation, I was loze to heare: for, beautie, without wealth, is but a beggerly charme, and honour without vertue, is but a tittle for a Title: hath she a glib tongue? it is pitie she hath no better wit: is she wittie, it is a sorrow, it is no better bestowed: for the craft of one woman, is the confusion of many a man: both she say she loues thee? beleue her not: nay, both she loue thee? regard it not: for it is a Jewel of so little worth, as will giue but losse in the buying: I feared the plague had taken hold of thy lodging: but thou art peppered with a world of infection: thy studie is infected wth idlenesse, thy braine with

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with bizzinesse, and thy spirit with madnes: Oh leaue these follies, thinke loue but a dreame, and beautie a shadow, and folle a witch, and repentance a miserie: wake out of thy sleepe, and call thy wittes together, be not sotted with an humour, nor slaue to thy selfe will, leaue courting of a Curtizan, & keepe thy breath for a better blast: saue thy purse for a better purpose, and spend thy time in more profit: let not the wise laugh at thee, and the honest lament thee: for my selfe, how I grieue for thee, I would I could tell thee: but let thus much suffice thee: beleue nothing that she saith, care for nothing that she doth, nor giue her any thing that she wants: see her, but to purge melancholy, talke with her, but to sharpen witte, giue her, but to be rid of her companie, and vse her but according to her condicion, so shalt thou haue a haouer those humors, that would haue a head, ouer thy heart: and be maister of thy senses, by the vertue of thy spirit, otherwise, Will hauing gotten the bit in his teeth, wil runne away with the bridle: and Reason, being cast off, may neuer sit well againe in the saddle: but why do I vse these perswasions for the remoue of thy passions? If thou be soundly in, thou wilt hardly get out: but if thou be ouer hoer, thou maist be saued fro drowning: well, whatsoeuer I heare, I hope the best, but to auoid the worst, I haue presumed out of my loue, to send thee this fruit of my affection. In which, if my care may do thee comfort, I shall thinke it a great part of my happinesse: howsoeuer it be, I commit the consideration to thy kindnesse. And so till I heare from thee, which I daily long for: I rest.

Thine as his owne,

N. R.

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His Answere.

Gentle Millo, I haue receiued thy most kind & carefull Letter, a messenger of thy most honest loue, who hath told me no lesse then I wholly beleene: that loue in idlenesse, is the very entrance to madnesse: but yet, though I will thinke on thy counsell, giue me leaue a little, to goe on along with conceit: whereof let me tell thee my opinion. Beautie without wealth is little worth, but being a riches in it selfe, how can it be poorly valued: and honour, being but the state of vertue, how can you plucke a title out of her title? the tongue is the instrument of wit, & wit the approuer of discretion: where if Reason be grauelled, nature may be aduiced: now for words they haue their substance, and loue is not to be abused: for it is a Jewell well knowne, that is worthy his price: Infections are euerie where, & Jealousie a most cruel plague, but rid thy selfe of that disease, and feare not my health in the other: conceit is a kind of dizziness, which worse tormented then with idlenesse, is troubled with too strong a madnesse: but he that is vnwise had need to be reformed: & he that laughes at an imperfection, may fall himself vpon the foale: now for a mad dreame, or an imagined witch, a conceited sleepe, or an intreated waking, I must confesse they are pretie humors, & wil thinke of their errors: now for sorting and slauerie, & for courting in knauesrie, be perswaded, that time wil employ my purse to better purpose: then grieve not for me, but only loue mee, and let that suffice mee: and for shine aduice in seeing, talking, and giuing, feare not the habiuit of my folly: for he that is master of himselfe, shall not need to his mistresse: and therefore he that cannot ride, let him leaue the saddle: for Reason hath a power ouer Wit, where Wit is but a seruant to Nature: in the certainty of which course, intending so to lay my hand on my heart, that I will feare no hornes on my head, with many thanks for thy kinde perswasions, hoping thou wilt take no exceptions at my constructions, intreating thee to beleene of mee no moze then thou needest, and to loue

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loue me as thou doest, in the faith of that affection, that holdes thee deare to my loue, I rest: during life,

Thine obliged and diuoted. W. B.

A Letter of comfort to a sister in sorrow.

DEARE sister, I heard lately of your husbands departure for the Indies, when with no little sorrow I considered your beaute case: in which, finding his wants to be grievous, & your friends cold in comfort, I could not chuse, without unkindnesse, but remember these few lines of my loue vnto you: I know your state is weake, how faire so euer you make your weather; but the more is your patience worthy honour, that can so nobly conceale your discontentments; for my selfe, I would I were able to do you good: but what I haue, or can procure, shall not faile to doe you pleasure: but if your mind be too great to stoupe, to be beholding, what I am able to doo, take a dutie in my brothers loue: good sister therefore be of good cheare, and put your care vpon me, I will see you often, and loue you euer: for a creature of your worthinesse is seldom found in your sere: that for her husbands loue will aduenture the state of her living: your children are not many, but such as are shall be mine, and you to me as my selfe: take therefore as little thought, & as much comfort as you can: no doubt but God that trieth his seruants, will blesse them: hope then of my brothers happie returne, and till he come commaund me, humbly God willing you shall see me, in the meane time let me entreat you kindly to accept this little token of my greater loue, which is but an assurance of a beginning of my affections neuer ending, in which predicament of true friendship, I rest euer assured,

Your very loving sister.

E. W.

Her

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Her Answer.

Sweete sister, I haue receiued your kind Letter and louing Token, for both which, I am your thankfull debtor: but touching which husband, though his wants were grievous, yet to want him, is my greatest sorrowe, for in the day of his loue was the state of my liuing: I am soie that you know my weaknesse, and with it but in strength to answer your kindnesse: but good sister, though I am willing to conceale my crosses, to be beholding to so honourable a spirit, I count it not the least of my happinesse. Therefore, though I had diuoted my selfe to solitarinesse in his absence, your companie shal be to me as light in darkenesse: & noting the nature of your kindnesse, will euer be beholding to your loue: come then to me when you will, & command me what you will, for I will be as god & you will: my children are my woilds ioies, and my hearts Jewels, in whose faces I will behold their father, in whose loue I will spend my life: so in a merrie goe sojrie, grieuing for his absence, and wishing your presence, praying for his happy returne, your health, and mine owne patience, that in too much passion of affection, I fall not upon indiscretion, with most heartie thankfull loue, I commend my life to your commaundement.

Yours affectionately bound,

E. G.

A Letter of Loue to a faire Mistresse.

Faie Mistresse, to trouble you with a long circumstance, I might perhaps feare you with the losse of time, and to make an endere I begin might argue little care in my conceit; but to auoid both suspicions, let me a little entreat with your patience, to peruse in a few words, the summe of a long tale, in which, the truth of loue, to the latest houre of death, protesteth the top of his life,

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life, but in the fruits of your saueur, of which the thought of his vnworthinesse, doth too much shew his unhappinesse. Time makes me too hiefe, but in your wisdom is my hope of vnderstanding, that in my triall you may trust me, & by desert esteeme me: in which, if I deceiue your expectatib, let me die in the miserie of your disdain. Thus not to flatter you with a faire stile in the state of your worthie comendation, beseeching to be commaunded by the kind care of your discretion, in the bandes of anowed seruice, I humbly rest

Yours alwaies assured,

R. O.

The Answer.

Sh, as I would be loth to be thought proud, I would as vnwillingly be found idle: either to helcne too well of my self, or not to haue a respect of other: Truth is aldoome masked with smooth words, and loue is not bredde, but vpon great contentment: your liking may be greater then my desert, and so alter vpon a better consideration: but mistake not your happinesse, in my fauours vnworthinesse, where the best of my commandement, may be the least of your contentment. Your consideration of time may excuse my shorrenesse of writing, where in a word you may vnderstand, that in deed I intend: that Truthe is honourable in loue, & vertue the fairest ioy in affection: in which, if I not misconstrue your conceit, I will answer the care of your kindnesse: in which, accordyng to the due of desert, you shal find the effectes of your desire. And so for this time I rest

Your poore friend,

A. T.

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A Letter of counsaile from a kind Father.

My deare Sonne, you must not from your Father looke
for a flattering loue, nor take it unkindly, that I suspect
your ill courses: for I haue passed the dangerous time that
you now are in, and haue hardly gone through the byers: and
therefore in a zealous feare, from an inward care, I cannot
chuse but giue you warning of what may preiudice your good,
Brantie is a bewitching object, and wantonnesse is the ruine
of wit: prodigalitie quickly makes a poore man, and he is on-
ly rich that liues contented. But my good Sonne, aboue all
things serue God, and keepe a cleane conscience, passe not the
limits of allegiance, nor build Castles in the aire, take heed of
extremities, for they are out of the course of discretion, and the
fruite of Ignorance yeelds but the sorrow of repentance: young
men may be witty, but seldom wise: and sometime, though Art
be a great perfecter of Experience, yet obseruation is better then
conceited cunning. Experience is necessarie vpon occasion, and
hope is not amisse vpon desert: but Reason sometime is more
regarded, then rewarded, where Will is too powerfull to be re-
sisted. I heare that you are much giuen to Alchymistry, it is a
 studie of great charge to many, and profiteth fewe: yet I forbid
you no good labour, so that you loose not by the bargain: Use
therefore a care in the imployment of your time, and wherein my
help may further your good, seeke no other friend for your comfort.
For though I would not wish you to disdaine any kindnesse, yet
would I haue you as little as you may to be beholding to any
man: for the prodigall are commonly talkatiue, and the con-
tious negatiue: & what a griefe it is to want, I pray God you
neuer know. Any qualitie in a mediocritie, I gladly allowe
you, but let not your loue be carried away with any idle imagi-
nation. I haue sent you a hundred Crownes, well may you vse
them, and when you need any more, send to me for them: for
your affection touching marriage, I would it were bestowed
as I could wish it: howsoeuer it be, it shall be much amisse, if
I

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I will like it. I haue sent you likewise a Horse, now and then to manage in a morning, but I pray you forbear to vse him as a hackney to ride vpon and downe the streetes in idle humors. Conuerse with no fooles, for you shall loose time with them: & take heed of knaues, for there is much to be feared in them. Long not after newes, least you be guld with a Feast: and take heed of drunkenesse, for it is a beauly humor. Waste much of thy money, and abuse not thy friend: be carefull of thy selfe, and forget not thy Father, whose earthly ioy is but in the hope of thy happiness, and whose deadly sorrow would be to see thee do arisill. What shall I say more to thee? thou knowest I loue thee, and onely in my loue am I thus carefull ouer thee. Accept then my admonitions, and ponder vpon the constructions, they may hap to doo thee good, but harme they can doo thee none. Use them therefore for thy best auaille. After the Terme, the vacation will cal thee into the Countrey, where knowing thy Fathers house, thou maist make thine owne welcome. Till when, and alwaies, I will pray for thee, that God will so blesse thee, that I may haue ioy in thee.

Your louing Father, H. W.

A kind Answer of a louing sonne.

My deare Father, as I wil not flatter my self with your loue, so can I not but ioy in your kindnes: whose careful counsell with in the compasse of so few words, I will locke vpon in my hart, as the best setwell of my life: for to serue God, is the dutie of a Christian, and no longer let me liue, then in the care of that comifort. A cleane conscience I find like a cleane paire of sheets, where y^e soule after labors may take a safe place of rest: to passe the liues of alliegeance, merites the losse of life, and he is boyne unhappie that is vnnaturall to his countrey: and atery castles, are but made mens imaginations: I know extreames are not durable, nor often profitable: and repentance, a painment, that pincheth the hart of vnderstanding.

I find the instruction of the aged to be the best directiō of the youthfull,

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poughful, & obseruation with Experience to make the perfection
 of Art : the necessitie of Experience cannot be auoided, but the
 hope of desert may be deceiued: for, while Till stands for iudge-
 ment, there is no holding of argument : touching Alchymistry,
 I heare much, but beleue little : and for the charge, I will not
 waste your Land, to make a new mettall : but if by my industry
 I can doo good, I will take the benefite of Time : for qualities,
 I thanke your large allowance, the best meanes with labour to
 attaine them; for Teachers, are woorthie their rewards : to be
 beholding I loue not, & hate to be vngateful : But as I follow
 not the prodigall, I haue little pleasure in the couetous : & for
 idle imaginations, I ca vse them as fictions : for your crownes,
 I humbly thanke you, and hope to bestow them to your liking.
 Your Hope will do me much pleasure, & cause me to see you the
 sooner. For galloping the streets, it is like children vpon Hob-
 by-horses, but giddie heads haue such humors, that God know-
 eth what will be come of them : For marriage, though the course
 be honourable, yet could I be content to forbear it, though in
 the direction of my affection, I will be much ruled by your dis-
 cretion : Fooles cannot vnderstand me, & knaues will but trou-
 ble me : but from the company of such ill conditions, the Lord
 of heauen deliuer me : good netues come neuer too soone, nor
 hadde to late, and therfore as they are, I will esteeme the: For
 drunkenesse neuer doubt mee, for it is most loathsome to my
 nature : and for my money, though it be my seruant, I will
 hold it as my good friend : for my friend, he shall be my selfe ;
 but my Father my hearts loue, and my lifes comfort : in
 whose carefull admonitions, how kind I finde the instructions,
 the obedience of my dutie, shall make knowne to your content-
 ment : the vacation is neere, & I will not be long frō you: where
 finding you well, shall be my best welcome : so thinking my selfe
 blest in the heauens, to haue so good a Father on the earth, be-
 seeching God to make me sofull in your eyes, by the graces of
 his mercies, in prayer for your long health, with your hartes euer
 happinesse ; In all humble thanks, I take my leaue.

Your obedient sonne. T. W.

A Mer-

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A Merchants Letter to his
Factor.

AS I haue reposed trust in your care, I looke for your per-
formance of my credit: your abilitie in managing such mat-
ters as I haue committed to your charge, I make no doubt of:
and therefore hoping in your discretion to heare of my expected
contentment, I will looke by your next Letters to heare of the
summe of my desire: in the meane time, let me tell you, that I
haue sent you ouer foure score broad cloathes, & thirtie Carries,
with such other commodities as I thinke fit for your vse in those
parts, I pray you make your best market, and take heed of
your Creditors: for I heare there are men reputed of great
wealth, in suspicion to play banquerupts: haue therefore a care
of your businessse, your trauels shall not be vnconsidered: your
French Mines I heare this yeare are very small, and your
Gascoigne Mines very deare, Pyunes cheape, but you know
your markets, and so I hope you will haue care in disbursing
your money, for it is hardly come by, and as this world goes,
both much in great matters: if there bee any Newes of worth,
acquaine me with them, and in any wise, do not trouble me with
vnttruthes: your Cousen telles mee that you are in good regard
with the Gouvernour for certayne cloathes that you lately be-
stowed on him, he told me the cause, & therein I commend your
discretion: for sometime it is better to giue then to saue, when it
turneth to aduantage. In summe, let this suffice you without
further circumstance, you haue my loue, and my purse, I pray
haue a care of them both: so till I heare from you, I rest

Your loving Maister,

W. H.

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His Answer.

Sir, I beseech you mistrust not your trust, nor haue any feare
of my care: for, hauing both your loue and your purse, how
can the one let me forget the other? No sir, be you assured how-
former banquers plate banquerout, sure paynes will deceiue
no credite: and touching such affaires as I haue in charge,
doubt not your expectatiō of my dispatch: your cloathes I haue
receiued, and like them very well, your Carries are verie good,
I would you had sent more of them, for they are much in re-
quest, and well sold. I haue by good happe met with a hundred
Tunne of Gascoigne Wines, vpon a good market, as you may
know by my note. Prunes are good, and good cheape, and ther-
fore I haue sent you the greater stoze of them, on the Faces you
shall find my marke, with two letters of your name. I haue
sent you likewise, a Tunne of Curbinles, which I bought
by a great chaunce, the price you shall find in my note with the
rest. By the next Poste you shall heare what I neede: in the
meane time hauing no intelligence of worth, loth to trouble you
with trifles, glad to perfoyme that dutie that your kindnesse
hath bound me too, wishing to liue no longer, then to discharge
the office of an honest care, praying for your long healtch, and e-
uerlasting happinesse: I humbly take my leaue.

Your faithfull seruant

C. B.

A Letter of Challenge.

My wronges are so many, as may no longer be digested,
and your excuses so idle, as I will henceforth despise
them: for your words are but winde, and therefore I am wea-
rie of them: and therefore if you bee not of so cold a complexion
that you dare not maintaine your reputation, meete me to mor-
rowe

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row early in the morning in some fields a mile out of Towne,
and bring with you such Armes as you do ordinarily carrie: as-
signe your place, and houre, and faste not your appointment,
that God the Iudge of right, may determine of our wrongs,
and the point of the sword may put a period to our discorries.
Thus, having blowne ouer an idle paper, with a few last wordes
of my intent, answere me as I expect, or heare of me as it will
fall out. In haste,

Your enimie to the death.

T. P.

The Answer.

Vhat you haue written to me, I returne vpon your selfe,
as loth to loose time in answere of such tolenesse: if you
burst goe alone, I would goe with you, but let it suffice you, that
I know you, and therefore meane not to trust you, but being a
friend with you, and I am readie for you: come to my lodging
as early as you will, & though I would be loth to breake a sleepe
for you, yet I will take a litle paine to answere you: and for
the field, we will cast lots for the place; where God, and a good
conscience, will quickly determine the quarrell: but I feare, the
point of the sword will make a comma to your cunning: which
if it doo, you shall find what will follow. And so leaving further
wordes, wishing you to be as good as your word, I end,

Yours, as you mine.

H. W.

A merry

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A merrie Letter or Newes of complaints.

Honest George, mine old Schoolefellow, and kind friend,
glad to heare of thy home quiet, how euer I fare with my
farre tranel: whereas thou writest vnto me, for such Petres as
this place yeelds, let me tell thee, that there are so many, and so
few of them true, that I dare almost write none; onely this, vpon
my knowledge, I dare deliuer thee: that of late in this Citty,
there are a number of complaints, euery houre in the day, but al
to little purpose. The Souldier complaines either of peace, or
penurie: the Lawier either of lacke of Clientes, or cold fees: the
Merchant of small trafficke, or ill fortune: the Trades man of
lacke of Chapmen: the labourers of lacke of worke: the poore
men of lacke of charitie, and the rich men of lacke of money: the
cheefe of lacke of booties: and the hangman, that his trees are
bare: in briebe, if I should tell thee of all the complaints that I
heare of, as well among the Feminine, as Masculine gender, how
some old women crye out of young vnchastities, and some young
wenches complaine of old misers: How some complaine of their
customers, and some other of their neighbours, it were such a
world of idle stuffe, as would but trouble thee in the reading: but
since their complaints are al to little purpose, for that Souldiers
are but for extremities, though honourable in their exploits, &
Lawiers are some troublesome, except vpon agreement of contro-
uersies, though Judges are worthe hono^r in execution of iustice:
and Merchants may beare with fortune, when their coffers are
full of coyne, though in respect of their trafficke, they are the
maintenance of the Common-wealth: and Trades men may
sell cheape, when their best wares are all vttered, though it is
necessarie, that they be set on worke for the maintenance of the
State: & labourers may rest, when their Haruest is in, though it
be needfull to set them to worke for the auoiding of idlenesse:
beggars may hold their peace, when they haue filled the patches
of their profession, though it is not amisse to relieue them for the
exercise of charitie: now the rich men may shrugge their shoul-
ders,

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vers, when they haue no vse for their bags, though sometime it be requisite rather to be sparing, then prodigall: & for the theeke, let him sigh till the hangman do helpe him: and for the hangman let him mourne, for he is sure the Diuell lies in waite for him; and therefore let the old mezill munch, and the young titte mourne, I can not help them, but as I heare of their complaints, I haue written thee the contents, which being scarce worth the reading, I leaue to thy worst vsing. And so sorrie that I haue no matter of woe, wherewith better to fitte thine humors, in as much kindnesse as I can, I commend my loue to thy commaundement: and so I rest,

Thine euer as his owne, W. P.

The answer of the laugh.

My good wagge, I see trauel hath not so altered thine humor, but thou wilt euer be thy selfe with thy friends: for thy kind Letter I thanke thee, and as kindly as I can, will requite thee: as you are there full of sorrow, we are here full of mirth: for in every place there is nothing so common as laughing: one laughs at an other: the wise man laughs at the foole, to see the nature of his imperfections: & the foole laughs at the wise man, because nature lets him know none of his sorowes: the riche man laughs at the poore, to see the manner of his life: & the poore mans laughs at the rich, to see the miserie of his care: the faire laughs at the fowle, to see how they are despised: and the fowle laugh at the faire to see how they are troubled: the honest laugh at the knaue, to see how he shifts with the world: and the knaue laughs at the honest, to see how his simplicitie is abused: for particulars, how any one laughs at the other, eyther the old at the youtfull, or they at the aged, I dare say nothing: but were thou heere, and I had not the more cause of sorrow, wee would laugh a litle together, to looke at the laughter of this world: but they say, he may laugh that winnes, at least till he loose againe: but the natures of their laughing are diuers and very strange, for some laugh so loude that they are noted foolish: some laugh

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so wide, that they shame their monthes with lacke of teeth: and some laugh so cunningly, that they smother it by in a smile; but let them laugh till they be wearie, it is a good world when men are merrie. Which hoping thou art, or praying thou maiest be, that when we kindly meete, wee may commune better of these conceits, wishing thee all contentment, and my selfe the happinesse of thy good company, till I see thee and ever, I rest: one and the same.

Thine as thou knowest. R. W.

A Letter to a friend for Newes.

Cuzen, I know you that live abroad in the world, cannot but heare of newes every day, which we here in the Countrey would be glad now and then to be acquainted with: your labour will not be much in writing, & for your kindnesse, it shall not be unrequited: we heare much murmuring of many things, but little truth of any thing: but tell you that know, I would be glad to learne. There is a speech among some idle Astronomers, that the Pan in the Boone bathaine is loue with a Starre, & walking through the clouds, was almost drowned in the waters & that the Tumblers of the Forrest haue spoiled a number of black Connetts, so that Rabbits are so deare, that a poore man may be glad of a peece of mutton. It is said here with vs in these parts, that you of the citie are much troubled with a new disease: truly we haue reasonable good health, but that there are such plagues in diners houses, what with the bad wines, and euill husbands, stubborne children, and wicked seruantes, that many honest men cannot liue in quiet with their neighbours. Though the Spring be not very forward, yet there is great increase of many things, especially of children, which how they may answer the law, I wil not greatly stay upon. Thus hauing no matter of moment wherewith at this time to trouble you, entreating you that I may shortly heare from you, I rest, in much affection.

Assuredly yours. R. T.

R. T.

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His Answer.

My good Couzen, to answer your kind Letter, if there were any thing here worth the writing, I would not haue bene so long silent: but such are the occurrents in these places, as are either not worth the noting, or better vnspoken then written: for loue in youth is so full of idlenesse, and malice in age so malicious, that vertue is so hid in corners, that there is little or nothing spoken of her account. For the ma^r of the Doone, I leaue him to waite on the Durme, but if he haue a mind to any Carre, I leaue him to follow his owlight: for his waterp element, since it is all in cloudes, let it hang in the Ayze, I will not meddle with his looking Astronomy. For Conntes, I am no Warrener, & therfore let them that haue the keeping of the grounds, looke to their game: I haue small spoze in such idlenesse: but for a peece of mutton, a young lambe is worth fiae old Conntes, & he that is not glad of such a feast, let him fast for his dinner. For our new disease, it is with many men in the head, and women in the tongue, seruants grow great libertines, & childzen are sick of sparkes: & for neighbors, there is so much loue in the streets, that there is almost none in the houses: & therfore besides other ordinarie diseases, we want no plagues to make vs looke into our sinnes. But God amend all, for one scarce mend an other: & therfore entreating you to haue patience with me till the next weeke, when you shall heare of the best Newes that come to my hands, I rest in bounden good will,

Yours as mine owne, N. R.

A dissuading from maniage.

Sweet Couzen, I am soie to heare, that being so well at ease, you will cooⁿ your self of your quiet: & for want of a worl^d bell, you will put your selfe in purgatorie with a wife: but if it may be that I speake in time, heare what I say: if she be faire, it may breed searoulle: if soule, dislike, and chaunge: if rich, take
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heed of pride: if poore, miserie: if young, beware the wanton: if old, take heed of the Bel-dame: if wise, she will gouerne thee: if foolish, she will free thee: how deare soeuer she loue thee, she will sometime or other, either crosse or flatter thee: & therfore, if thou wilt be ruled by a friend, let neither old nor young, faire nor foule trouble thee: beleue me, as I haue read, these are the properties of most wines: to weaken strength, to trouble wit, to empty purses, and to breed humors: but if I be deceived in my reading, or mine Author in his writing, either in altering your course, or prouing your comfort, tell me your minde when wee meete. Till when, wishing you continuance of that quiet, when in you now liue, or the true contentment of the best loue: leaving to your discretion, the managing of your affection, I comit you to the Almightye.

Thine euer as his owne, T. W.

The Answer.

GOD conzen, I find your kindnesse aboue your knowledge, in mistaking paradiſe for purgatorie: for a wife is wealth of the mind, and the welfare of the heart: where the best iudgement of Reason findes Discretions contentment. May be is a doubt: but what is, must be regarded, in which sense I am pleased: where youth wish beaultie, and wit with vertue, haue power to command, where kindnesse must obey. Pouertie I feare not, & wealth I seeke not: but it sufficeth me to seeke no other fortune, for the summe of my worlde's happinesse: where the auoiding of euill: & the hope of good, makes me know more comfort then you are able to conceine, til you enter into that course, where in the ioy of loue is the second blessednesse of this life. What shal I say, but that I know not what to say, to expresse the perfection of this pleasure, that puts downe all idle imaginations: from which, haping to see thee remooued, when I next see thee, Till then and euer I rest

Thine as thankfull, B. D.

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A kind Letter of a Creditor for mony.

Sir, I pray you take it not unkindly, that I write thus earnestly unto you: for more necessitie, then will haue bigged me unto it: my mony is not much, and you well able to discharge it: my losses by sea, and ill Creditors by land, make me straine curtellie with my friends, for their good helpe in an extremitie, yet do I desire nothing but my due: but as I was ready to lend, I would be glad to receiue, with that fulnesse of good will, that may continue our kindnesse. I write not this, as doubting your discretion, but to intreat your patience, if your purse be not in tune: for were I as I haue bene, and hope to be, I had rather beare too long, then aske too soone, especially of so good a friend, as I haue alwaies found of your selfe. Consider therefore of my case, & in your kindnesse answer me: Time is pretious, & therefore least by disapointment, I be disurnished, & so perhaps discredited, I pray you speed your answer: which, howsoener, shall be welcome: and therefore, earnestly intreating you, to help me now, that I may the better quit your kindnesse hereafter, with many thanks for your great fauours, which cannot be forgotten to be deserued: I take my leave further at this time to trouble you, but will rest in what I shall be able euer to pleasure you, to make you know how much I loue you,

Your louing friend as commaund,

T. R.

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The debtors Answer.

Sir, your request is so reasonable, & your kindnesse so much, that for a greater matter then your demand, if my purse were not in tune, I would straine my credit very farre for you: beare then with my a little forgetfulness of my day, and thinke it no trouble to my patience, to be put in mind of my credit: your lesse losses I am lothe for, and wish your recovery by land. Debtors that will not pay, make Creditors they cannot lend: but for my selfe, to make you know, how much interest you haue in my affection, let me tell you, that though by some unexpected expences, I am short of my hoped reckoning, yet vpon the receipt of your Letter, I haue bene thus carefull for you: your money I haue lent you, as much moze for so long time, I will lend you; which you shall receiue of this bearer, and in my Letter, the day of payment: which if it may pleasure you so much as I wish you, I am glad I had it for you: howsoeuer it fall out, vse it to your owne discretiō: and so farre be alwaies assured of my loue, that my word and deed shall be all one in your comfort. And so leaving ceremonious complements, in vnsained good will, I rest; Alwaies to my bittermost power,

Takes as mine owne,

D. W.

A Letter of Newes.

TO perforce my promise in my last Letter, my kinde and best Couzen, you shall vnderstand, of such occurrents, as I heare goe currant for truth: I heare there are certaine old people, that speake much of Prophecies, where they set it downe for a certaine rule, that this yeare, and many to come, he that wants mony in his purse, and a friend in the Court, may walke in the Countrey, and picke strawes for his comfort: for the lawe
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is very dangerous for begging: and Charitie is so cold, that the poore must starue, rather then the rich will want. Old men shall neuer be young againe in this world, & beautie in a young woman, will not let her know her selfe. Honestie without wit, will die on the foole, & craft without credit, will labour to little purpose. In summe, there will be a great plague among the poore with lacke of money, among fooles for lack of wit, & knaues, for lacke of honestie: but it may be, Nature may alter her course in many things, & Prophecies may fall out in contrarieties. Howsoever it be, welcome that comes on Gods name: and so, hoping thou louest no legerdemaine, nor wilt be led away with blind Prophecies, writing this onely for exercise of a merry humor, I rest.

Thine what thou wilt. P. R.

The Answer.

Such idle Prophets as you meete with, haue such kind of matter as you write of: but let the world wagge as it list, there is not a truer wagge in the world then thy selfe: & were it not, that I feare my Letter would come to light, I would answer you in your kind. But to be short, let me tell you, that lawes are good to take order with such outlawes, as after prodigalitie, put themselves vpon Charitie. And yet to crosse your rule of little experience, old men may haue young humors, faire wenches, put wise men to their wittes: and honestie, may chynce with a mean trade, when a craftie knaue may looke by his cunning broking. As for the plague, I feare me it is neuer from you: for if neighbors agree, yet their wiues may fall out: & while the poore fret, & the rich frowne, there is little hope of health, where the world is so out of quiet. And therefore hoping you haue wit enough, to beware the knaue & the foole, & to make your choise of best company: wishing your continuance of your good humour, with thanks for your waggish Letter, I rest, in our old league,

Thine as mine owne. R. W.

DEARE Cousen, I do not a little wonder at your solitary life, and moze at your little care to match your selfe in marriage with some virgin worthy your loue: will you leaue the world without memorie of your name, your inheritance to no issue of your owne honour, and runne a course of too little comfort? We thinke, that your knowledge of the diuersitie of varieties should settle your content vpon some especiall vertue: what if some women be aged, some are youtfull, and some forward; other may be kind: and some wanton, there are better staid: and some sullaine, some are louing: and is there none can fit your humor? God forbid: the law of Nature, the law of Reason, the law of God both will it, that loue breed encrease by a vertuous coniunction, which cannot be performed, without the honor of this course. Bastards will be witness of their parents wickednesse, when natural children are the top of their fathers: and a true louing wife, is worth a thousand wilde walkers: her care in the house, her kindnes at the Table, & her comfort in the bed, are pleasures better conceined then exprest: call then a-hooch to such a Bird, as you may hold for your Phoenix, & think thy mind at best libertie, when it is free from the hands of folly. In fine, let me intreat thee to make thy house a home, thy wife thy worlds loue, & thy childre thine earths top: which as I hope thou wilt be glad to haue, I shall be glad to see. For good speed wherof, in hartie prayer I rest

Thy louing Cousen, R. W.

His Answer.

MY kind Cousen, I see you are better redde then experienced: for Batchellers wines, & Maidens children, are pretie things to plate withall: but he that knowes many dangers, will take heed of all. A wife is an euerlasting substance, which if it be not of the better nature, is a perillous thing to meddle withall: for if it catch hold of the hands, it may put the heart to a
foye

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soze paine : and the Phoenix is such a figure, as if I must find her in a woman, I feare me I must seeke a great way for her. For the Lawes that you speake of, I yeeld to truth: but loue is so nice an humoz, that he Aldome settles in a place: for Bawards, I loue not the breed: and better children will doo well when they come: For bedde and boord, and those trickes, let them for in them that haue them, when I find time I will thinke on them: in the meane time, moze at quiet in my lodging with a friend, then perhaps I may be at home with a wife, not forswearing marriage, nor poasting to purgatorie, in stead of a mistaken paradise: wishing thy prayers for my better hap- pinesse, then loues idlenesse, and if I doo marrie to be kindly matched: I rest

A Letter of vnkindnesse vpon a deniall of a Curtesie.

If my desires had not exceeded my desire, I would haue hated the nature of my humoz, which loues nothing lesse then to be too much beholding: my request was not much, and the graunt but easie: howsoeuer for ill fashion, the excuse may be cunningly framed: but though I conceiue vnkindnesse in this course, I can rather grieue then be angrie: for I will mistrust my wit, till I see too much of my sorrow: and loue my friend, though I be plaine with his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tell you of my discontent, then to couer a dissimulation, and to wishe your better regard of my affection, then to giue me iust cause to touch the care of your discretion, which in denying a trifle, may loose a greater benefite: but not to goe too farre in impatience, let me thus growe to an ende: Friendship once groundded is not easily remoued: and therefore being assured of my loue, beare with my dislike: and wherein I may better pleasure you, doubt not the ill requitall of vnkind-

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nesse, for I can chide and not be angry, and better loue you, then tell you so. And so intreating your reasonable answer for my satisfaction, I rest: all displeasure set apart,

Your loving friend. N. S.

His Answer.

Your humorous kind of writing, puts me to study for an Answer: for your anger without cause, may moue cause of anger: you know you might command what I am, and will you haue more? Conceit may be deceiued, and so kindnesse abused, and suspicion of impatience hath the least part of discretis. Excuses are idle among friends, and therefore words shall be deferred till our meeting: when, seeing your owne fault, you will not thinke amisse of your friend: grieue not then without cause, nor be carried away with conceit: and as you know my nature, command my loue, which is farre from the thought to make a friend beholding: be not discorde with a deniall, till you haue better reason of displeasure, but measure me with your selfe, and you shall find smal cause of difference: if there be any, let kindnesse dispute it, reason confesse it, and patience beare it: so shall friends be themselves, and you and I shall not fall out. So hoping that you will satisfie your selfe with this answer, till wee meet to talke further of the matter, I conclude with your kindness, & rest euer

Yours, as you know. T. W.

A letter to an vnthankfull person.

I haue heard that a Prince sometime ordeining a punishment for all offences, lest Ingratitude to the gods to plague, as past mans power to punish, inough: the Tale may well be true, considering the villenes of such a nature, as I thinke the like liueth not in the shape of man. Couldst thou not onely forget,

but

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but abuse my kindnesse, and so make a monster of a wicked shadow? I could not haue beleened it, had I not too well prooued it: but I wish you would leaue the humor, least it make a loathsome nature: and though I will not reuenge a wrong vpon a subject of so much basenesse, yet will I learne to know the condition of so much bilenesse. & as well warne my friends from an enemy, as further abuse mine owne wit with so mistaking of a friend. In briefe therfore, let me tell you, as I know you, I regard you, and as I found you I leaue you, as one fit, if there lacked a Card, to put in the stock for a wicked helpe. And so forie to haue lost so much time to write to you, I wishe all the world that knowes you, to hate you.

Your enemy from the hart.

D. m.

His Answer.

How strangely men will write, that impatience doth put out of order. A good turne is lost, when it is cast in the receivers teeth: and abuse misconceined, can hardly be well excused: consider better of what is done, then wrong the meaning of a good mind, and you shall find without excuse, no true cause of displeasure: If the information of malice haue moued choller without iudgement, poore men must endure the miserie of euill fortune: against my selfe I wil confesse nothing, but refer time to decide all doubts, when Truth shall put the differences betweene a shadow and a better substance. So leauing ill humors to like minds, and good thoughts to better natures, hoping to finde you your selfe, which will be farre enough from that you write: In spight of the Diuell I commit you to God: and so rest

Your friend, whether you will or not,

D. R.

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A Letter

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A Letter to laugh at, after the old fashion
of loue, to a Maide.

After my hartie commendations, trusting in God that you are in good health as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father and my Mother, my brothers and sisters, and all my good friends, thanks be to God. The cause of my writing to you at this time is, that Ellen, I doe heare since my coming from Wakefield, when you know, what cake we had together at the signe of the blew Cuckoe, & how you did giue me your hand, and sweare that you would not forsake me for all the world, and how you made me buy a Ring and a Dart, that cost me eighteen pence, which I left with you, and you gave me a Raphin to weare in my Hat, I thanke you, which I will weare to my dying day: and I meruaile if it be true as I heare, that you haue altered your mind, & are made sure to my neighbour Hoblins younger sonne: truly Ellen you do not well in so doing, and God will plague you for it, and I hope I shall line and if I neuer haue you: for there are moze maides then Maulkin, and I count my self wozech the whistling. And therefore praying you to write me your answer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of all, how the matter stands with you, I commit you to God. From Callow greene.

Tommyne Lowr. R. P.

Her Answer.

Truely Roger, I did not looke for such a Letter from your hands, I would you should know, I scoone it: Haue I gotten my Father and Mothers ill will for you, to be so vled at at your hands? I perceiue and you be so Zealous already, you would be somewhat an other day, I am glad I find you, that you can beleene any thing of me: but tis no matter, I care not:
send

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send me my Mapkin, and you shall haue your King and your
 Part, for I can haue enough and I neuer see you more: for there
 are more Batchelers then Roger, and my pen is as good siluer
 as yours: and therefore seeing you are so lustie, euen put vp
 your pipes, for I will haue no more to do with you: And so vn-
 saying all that euer hath beene said betwixt vs, make your
 choise where you list, I know where to be loued: and so I end.
 From Wakefield.

M. R.

From a Father to his Sonne.

M^r Sonne, I hope so well of your good disposition, that you
 will not unkindly conceiue of that which in Loue I write:
 for such is the nature of my affection, as had rather be under-
 stood in carefull aduising you for your good, then found win-
 king at your ill: it is tolde me, which I am loy to heare, but
 would be more agricued to beleue, that you are very readie in
 writing your name vnder billes and obligations: by which as
 well for your owne idle expences, as to pleasure other in hur-
 ting your selfe, you beginne to take vp so fast, that I feare
 you will be so lothe taken downe, that you will hardly euer rise
 againe: beleue me Sonne, suretiship is a priuie enemy to a
 good nature, which may sooner pay thee, then receiue one: and
 therefore among other things that I would wishe you to take
 heede of, let suretishippe be one of the chiefest: what you can
 spare your friend, denie him not: but as your loue your liber-
 tie, beware sealing and deliuering: Play is but losse of time,
 that might be better employed: for the gaine is but vngrati-
 ous, and the losse is often grieuous: and therefore vse it little,
 and rather for companie, then pleasure: Dauncing I allowe
 of, but let not your legges sling away your wittes, in wasting
 your wealch: spend by measure, howeuer your Quicke make
 you daunce: be carefull of thy speech, thisty in thy expence,
 warie of thy companie, and zealous of thy friend: serue God, and